

WAR CRY



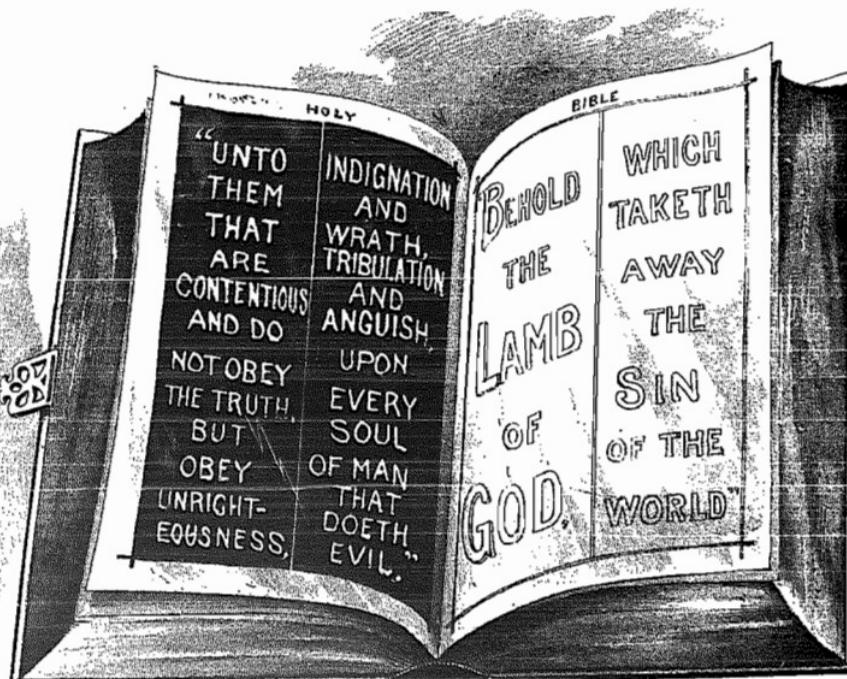
THE OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

VOY. X. NO. 21. [General of the S. A. Forces throughout the world.] WILLIAM BOOTH, TORONTO, FEB. 24, 1894. [Commissioner for Canada and Newfoundland.] HERBERT H. BOOTH, PRICE 5 CENTS.

— Choose Up! —

The Bible I hast thou ever heard
Of such a Book? the Author, God Himself,
The subject, God and man, salvation, life—

And death—eternal life—eternal death—
Dread words! whose meaning has no end, no bounds—
Most wondrous Book, bright candle of the Lord!



Star of eternity! the only star
By which the bark of man can navigate—
The sea of life, and gain the coast of bliss—
Securely! only star, which rose on time,
And, on its dark and troubled billows, still,

As generations, drifting swiftly by,
Succeeded generations, threw a ray
Of Heaven's own light, and to the hills of God—
The eternal hills—pointed the sinner's eye.

—R. POLLOCK.

White Robes.

BY ERNEST WHITAKER.

TUNE—*Bright Cradle, or, We'll fight.*
B.J. 112.
1 Our hearts are changed from black to
white.
In Jesus' precious blood;
And so we are pure robes of white,
And walk the narrow road.

CHORUS.

White robes, white robes,
We'll wear them here;
And rise to the King to see,
And wear the white robes there.
From temper, malice, and pride,
From sin and sin we're free;
And wear the robes of white,
Till Jesus' face we see.
Oh, ye whose robes are stained with sin,
Come to the Saviour now!
I know it's a wear and keep you clean,
At His cross you turn.

Trusting the Lord.

BY W. MITCHELL.

TUNE—*Cleaning Out for "B.J."* 45.
2 Journeying onward to heaven are we,
The world behind us left, our life's crushed bone,
Trusting the Lord.
Strength for the weakest, and eight for the
Hope for the downcast, and peace to the
mind in a moment we always can find,
Trusting the Lord.

Storm-clouds all scatter, the sunshine
appears.

Trusting the Lord;
Like dawn in the morning, so vanish our
fears.

Trusting the Lord.
Into the homes of the rich and the poor,
To clerks in the office, and hands in the
store, we tell them there's life to be found even
when the Lord.

Trusting the Lord.
Nature once hard have been softened and
blent.

Trusting the Lord;
The spirit of God has found rest.

Trusting the Lord.
The tears that stole down the cheek is
dark, deep despair from the heart now has
blown.

Peace, blessed peace every moment is
known.

Trusting the Lord.

Trust and Fight.

BY ERNEST G. MILLER.

TUNE—*Show down salvation.*
3 Trust and fight with all your might,
And Satan's kingdom fall;

Tell of Jesus' power to save;

Take up the sword of mail,

Raise the flag of victory;

And have it at last;

As we go fighting for Jesus.

The devil often tries his best

To make us fear;

But we can scare the doubts away;
It's faithful on our knees.

Then let us trust our God and King,

And we'll be strong;

As we go fighting for Jesus.

If faithful to the battle's end,

We then a crown will wear,

And we'll be strong;

In the bright home up there;

And wave the palms of victory;

And sing for ever more;

When we get safely to glory.

With Joy we Meet!

BY CAPTAIN ED. LEE.

TUNE—*Caravan's shore.* B.J. 112.

With joy we meet, with smiles we greet,
Our comrades bright and gay;
We dry each tear of sorrow now,
We comfort sin, and echoes ring
Along the heavenly way;
Wherewhence we have for their text
"The Lamb for sinners slain."

CHORUS.

We're bound for Canada's shore,
Oh, from whom sin would fail to come,
And when we're bound to the happy land,
When praise we bring to Christ our Lord.

Who did salvation bring,
Then we're bound for Canada's shore;
Who can still love the Lord;
Come take your stand, and join our

And Christ will pardon give.

Afar From God.

BY CLARA STAHL.

TUNE—*Bright cradle.* B.J. 59.

5 Though once afar from God we roamed,
Not caring for the right;
But Jesus sought and found us there,
And brought us to the light.
And taught us to the light.

CHORUS.

Praise God, praise God;
Our sins are all forgiven;
Our hearts are right, we're in the light;
We're in the light;

We're on our way to heaven.

Twas Jesus' love that won our hearts,
And let us see the light;

He led us on our sinful ways,

And helped us love the right.

There's peace and joy in saving God,

You'll prove it; be true;

If you will from your sins depart,

And start to serve Him too.

CHORUS.

Stop, Poor Sinner.

BY WM. MCLEACHEN.

TUNE—*Mud I P'd and I ended handed.*

6 Sinner, going down to rain,
Stop before you further go;
Hell's dark brink lies just before you
Sinnah, that awful place of woe.

CHORUS.

Stop, Poor Sinner.

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TUNE—*Show down salvation.*

7 Trust and fight with all your might,
And Satan's kingdom fall;

Tell of Jesus' power to save;

Take up the sword of mail,

Raise the flag of victory;

And have it at last;

As we go fighting for Jesus.

The devil often tries his best

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But we can scare the doubts away;
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Then let us trust our God and King,

And we'll be strong;

As we go fighting for Jesus.

Beware!

BY ERNEST G. MILLER.

TUNE—*There's a better land, they say.*

7 The devil holds no earthly gain,
And Satan's kingdom fall;

He says to God it is vain,

Oh, beware! oh, beware!

CHORUS.

Beware, my friend, he's fooling you;

He's fooling you, he's fooling you;

He's fooling you, he's fooling you;

Oh, beware! oh, beware!

The devils says there is lots of time,
Oh, beware! oh, beware!
But Jesus says now is the time,
Oh, beware! oh, beware!

Remember, God will not be mocked,
Oh, beware! oh, beware!

For soon you'll stand in Judgment's dock,
Oh, beware! oh, beware!

The devil says you are pretty good,
Oh, beware! oh, beware!

Unless you're washed in Jesus' blood,
Oh, beware! oh, beware!

Remember who you may not now,
Oh, beware! oh, beware!

The touch of death is on your brow,
Oh, beware! oh, beware!

Jesus' words says to Me,
Come now and let me go.

Come now and my salvation see,

Come away, come away.



OFFICE OF THE WAR CRY,

Thursday, Feb. 15, 1891.

CO-OPERATION.

Our frequent despatches from the field, there are many encouraging signs of the spread of the War Cry throughout the country. The War Cry is indeed a great factor in the conversion of the people among our comrades, who have concentrated a part of their time to that worthy object. Hallelujah! This is also very good. Both the workmen here at Toronto and the sellers of the field, may take courage and go forward.

There is, however, one expressive word, which lies in the open secret of a greatly increased War Cry circulation, and, consequently, of an increased amount of blessing. That word is "CO-OPERATION."

"Co-operate," the dictionary says,

"is to work or act conjointly for the same

end."

That is just it. We must all be determined to raise the circulation of the War Cry, and we must, each one of us, "work or act conjointly" to bring it about by increasing our efforts in our field in just that sphere we are now in. If ever so little of the work of the War Cry is done, the Com-

mmandant is to be blamed.

Mr. Herbert Booth

has won the heart of all her com-

rades. She was in Montreal recently

and visited the War Cry office.

She is a woman of great

influence.

Comrades, everywhere, let us give self up to death, and make room in humblying before God for a removal of the diri-

gencies within us.

The Easter "CRY."

Easter is just upon us, and the printing manager started on day to day by the world would use the "cry" for the Easter Cry by the first of March.

This is a decidedly brief period in which to prepare for so important a thing, but our dependence is on the comrades scattered throughout the Dominion. We are a combination of friends and enemies, whether they reckon the knowledge to write the War Cry or not. Our Special Correspondents will, of course, all help, and we shall also get as many soldiers and friends as possible to share the pleasure of finding copy. Then we're leaving subjects in consideration, viz:

Gethsemane,
Calvary,
Resurrection,
Ascension,
Pentecost.

Then we want facts, incidents, copious histories, personal reminiscences, etc., while those who cannot find time to write much we shall expect to confide into a short sentence the experience of some great saint worthy to be presented to the world of War Cry readers. Send on YOUR contributions quickly, please.

Descent of the Jacobs.

From the English "War Cry," erect during 27th January, 1891.

The family of Jacobs are at present in this country. After four and a half years' pilgrimage in the Northern regions of the provinces of Canada and the Colony of Newfoundland, they are now enjoying a well deserved rest. In the city of St. John's, Newfoundland, the story of their travels, trials and triumphs, we commend our readers to their coming number of the War Cry. This is ripe for such a series of articles as we have seen in the English "War Cry." Substantially, their testimony like that of the country of their adoption, England, is God's first. The Army, the Admiralty, the State, the Church, the prospects for Canada are brighter than ever. The Commandant as a leader, is a true son of the church.

Old Root,

and wished for an hour or two in such meetings again. Still, I rejoice to bear witness that the power of God has been manifested in the lives of these men, and that they have been alone, generally, away in the East of Canada by themselves, a long distance from their families, and yet have been able to hold up the impure duties of their office.

"There have been many times in my life when I have looked back to gathering underwood that

old Root,

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Old Root,

Territorial Topics.

BY THE COMMANDANT.

A good friend of the Army has gone home to his rest.

The last time I had him in my office, he said,

Dr. Douglas was when he kindly consented to

provide us with the opening ceremony of our

new barracks, which were to be erected on the

site of the old fort, which was to be razed.

He told me he never felt more honored in anything he had done, and I believe he is to-day of the same opinion in regard to his new work.

He is a man who has given his life to the service of the Army, and I believe he will be

remembered as a true and faithful soldier.

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THE WAR CRY.

The latest despatches from England tell again the deep interest the General and

the people of the London Times, the

Times of India, and the Daily Mail, in

the war in South Africa, and the

latest news from the front.

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The latest despatch from the

Times

West Ontario Province. CHATHAM CHAT.

BRIGADIER HOLLAND.

Bairns Dedicated—Building Up Believers—Salvation On Canvas—Penitents Weeping.

Came Back Home.

OWEN SOUND.—Another week goes, but without his beloved wife, he has been meeting all day every day (Sunday). Good old Captain Holland, who had a backslidden taint of was derived from God, came home to Owen Sound, His love and for gives the day. May the Lord bring her within the fold.—
MRS. JOHN STEVENSON, Special Correspondent.

A Loving Corps.

WELDON.—Just a few lines to say I have bid goodbye to Shublers, and am doing my best to God and man. I have a nice little band of soldiers here, who have seen noetics for souls. One of the comrades being a brother, who brought me backslidden was visited by a brother, who brought back the report that he would come to night. He did, and we had a great time. All testified for their new life. Captain Holland, believing that this is only a drop compared to the ocean, said, "We may be beaten, but we keep the converts true to us. We are bound to have victory."—Captain J. E. BAKER.

Cold Increase Your Faith.

GRILLIA.—Have just taken charge and find a very little corps, but many good friends. March 1st we had our first baptism; Was Cava all told. We will improve our services. A soul for salvation is again very soon. One soul for salvation. We mean to fight and conquer. God is with us, so pray for us. We are bound to receive His truth.—Captain J. E. BAKER.

Never Say Die.

SARNIA.—Victory at last. (Sunday) the devil stoned all but Jesus gained the victory, when three precious souls were added to the ranks of Christ. All testified for their new life. Captain Woodward, who was stationed with me as Lieutenant at London I.

RECEIVED FROM ENGLAND OF THE BRITISH CONFERENCE.—"The Devil comes to know drill. The Lieutenant can't get it right for that, but he did not get up early to wake him."

LIEUTENANT ELIOTT SALMON approaches a group of drinkers.—"Buy a WAR CAV, sir!"

With his eye striking the frontispiece of WAR CAV.—"Buy a WAR CAV, sir! Lieutenant."—Tongue-trail.

"What's that?"

Lieutenant.—"There, that's tongue-trail."—Holding a bottle of whisky that came from "Hell."

Hell.

WE ARE GOING TO CELEBRATE our eleventh anniversary by a big balladspiel, holding on the 2nd of April, at the Grand Hotel and Opera House for the occasion. The Commandant and Brigadier Holland lead off.

Lieutenant DIXON for Reginald MILLER.

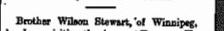
Three Penitents at Paris.

BETTER FELT THAN TOLD.

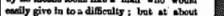
Reginald Hay Reports His First Week at Bowmaville.



WILSON STEWART TELLS THE EDITOR ABOUT THE TABACCO CURSE.



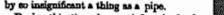
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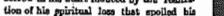
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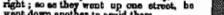
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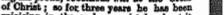
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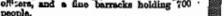
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